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Trinity College

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THE TRINITY TABLET

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TRINITY COLLEGE
VOL. XXXII.

JUNE 10 1899
No. 10

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HARTFORD

CONN.

TRINITY COLLEGE,

HARTFORD, CONN.

THIS College was chartered by the state of Connecticut in 1823, and as this result was chiefly due to the activity and sagacity of the Rt. Rev. Bishop Brownell, he may justly be regarded as its founder. This college does only college work. There is no divinity, law, medical or other professional school connected with it, as it is intended to give a liberal Education, adapted to fit young men to enter most advantageously upon the study of the Learned Professions or a business career after graduation. Its course of study is therefore conservative, adhering to that system which long experience has shown to be most effective. In all essential respects its course of study is similar to that of the leading American Colleges, its requirements for admission with those at Harvard and the twelve associated colleges, of which this college is one, according to the schedule adopted by them some years ago. Its situation is elevated, commanding a beautiful view, and very salubrious. Its buildings are new and unsurpassed for convenience and comfort.

COURSES OF INSTRUCTION.

The college offers four courses of instruction, viz.: I. A COURSE IN ARTS; II. A COURSE IN LETTERS AND SCIENCE; III. A COURSE IN SCIENCE; IV. A COURSE IN LETTERS.

The courses extend over four years, with the exception of the Course in Science, which is completed in three years.

Students completing the Course in Arts receive the degree of Bachelor of Arts. Students completing the Course in Letters and Science, of the Course in Science, receive the degree of Bachelor of Science, those completing the course in Letters receive the degree of Bachelor of Letters.

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The Trinity Tablet

VOL. XXXII

JUNE 10, 1899

No. 10

EDITORS

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EDITORIALS

AFTER a period of thirty years as instructor and professor in our College, Dr. Hart, '66, has resigned the professorship of Latin to accept the assistant deanship of the Berkeley Divinity School. During the time of his connection with the College, Dr. Hart has taught in different departments, especially in Latin and Mathematics, and his labors have always been careful, conscientious, and of the greatest value to the men who have enjoyed his academic supervision. During his undergraduate course here, Dr. Hart's scholastic record was the best ever made at Trinity, and he was graduated with the well earned title of *Optimus*. From two years after his graduation until the present time he has been connected with the college, without a single year of respite from his duties,

and to his unceasing work and loving care, is due a large share of the past growth and present possibilities of our Alma Mater. To an entering class he was always an indispensable friend, and he has made easy the first days of many a Trinity graduate. As a kind and helpful friend to all the students, and a living example of an upright and righteous life, Dr. Hart holds a place apart. No words can adequately convey the deep and general regret which his departure occasions us. We shall have far to go and long to wait before we can enjoy the fellowship of another man such as he. Still, we find comfort in the fact that Dr. Hart will not be far from us in his new field of labor, and that we shall doubtless see him often as long as he is at Middletown.

* * * * *

WE have had so many evidences of late of the goodwill of our alumni that we feel the time is propitious to agitate the matter of a new athletic field. At present our athletic field consists of a grand stand, a high board fence and a stretch of swampy ground. There is no track and no arrangement of any description for track athletics. During the football season the field is damp and marshy most of the time and it stays damp so long that the baseball team cannot practice on the rough, uneven diamond until late in the spring. What we need is a field that will contain a quarter-mile track and a level baseball diamond and football field. We would recommend that the situation of the field be changed from the wet, swampy pasture along Broad Street, which can only be properly drained at great expense, to the higher and better drained ground south of Martin Hall. It is difficult enough to try to develop a team without any regular coaching, but, in addition to that, to have to practice on a field that is at its best a mediocre cow pasture is asking almost too much of our athletes.

BY an arrangement with the College authorities, the "Jesters," at no little expense, fitted up the stage in Alumni Hall this year, and were assured that the improvements would be treated with consideration. It was expressly agreed that if the scenery was put in shape and the settings altered, that the chairs used in the hall during entertainments would not be piled on the stage as customary when it was necessary to clear the hall for dancing. As might have been expected, the janitors have absolutely disregarded this agreement, and now, when preparations are being made for a dance, chairs are piled recklessly upon the stage, with the inevitable result that the work and money expended by the dramatic organization has been in vain; for the new scenery, after less than a season's wear, is now torn and damaged by this treatment almost beyond repair, and is so disfigured that it can never be put back into its original shape. It would almost seem that the College authorities would be sufficiently far-sighted to realize that the quantity of broken chairs to be found about the hall results largely from the reckless manner in which these are disposed of on the stage when they are tossed up in orderless heaps. It might be economy to look after the College property even if that of the "Jesters" is destroyed. This may seem to be an unimportant matter to treat so at length in an editorial; but it is not when one stops to consider that it is this very spirit of inconsideration for what the different organizations may attempt to do in the way of improvement about the College that prevents much being done along the line attempted by the "Jesters."

A THOUGHT FROM ST. AUGUSTINE

IF you could live forever on this earth,
And loll in sunshine, singing some sweet song,
Oh tell me, would you seek a higher birth
And for some misty heaven really long?

Daniel Hugh Verder

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF HUMAN RELATIONSHIPS

THE professor was leisurely crossing a long stretch of uneven country that extended for a considerable distance along the hill side. It was a barren, unfenced tract, and the rocky soil that supported but a rank growth of weeds made it of little value even for grazing. It was, however, a paradise for the professor ; for here were to be found bugs and beetles in endless varieties. Every few minutes his eyes would light on a victim, his net would descend with a graceful swoop, and some hapless insect would go to its eternal rest via the tin box swung at the professor's side.

The professor was young, enthusiastic, and happy. He had found by mere chance a delightful locality in which to spend his vacation, where bugs were interesting and plentiful, where society was not exacting, and, moreover, where the "summer girl" was a creation quite unknown.

As the professor was strolling along busily engaged in his favorite occupation, he heard an anxious voice not far away, evidently calling to him, "Oh, sir, won't you *please* stop him?" and, looking up, saw a small-sized calf bearing down on him with all the awkward rapidity at its command, and at a little distance behind, a slight unbonneted figure vainly endeavoring to catch up with the fleeing bovine. This was an unusual situation, and, as the professor

never acted without due thought, he hesitated for a moment ; whereupon the girl, evidently thinking he was not going to do his duty, called again as she ran : "Don't let him pass. Grab him as he goes by."

Some voices have the power to exact obedience, and the professor, though not knowing why he should do so, assayed to catch the fleeting animal as it approached. Unfortunately, he was not an adept in the art of catching runaway calves, and his violent grab at the animal resulted in dismal failure, as the animal was minus a halter, and there was nothing at which the professor could grasp. Even the instinctive swing he made at it with his net as the creature fled past, as if that was the way to capture all pursued animals, only served to hasten its progress as the instrument descended with a resounding whack on its back.

The other actor in the drama then reached the discomfited professor, and said reproachfully : "Why didn't you catch him? I'm sure he will get on the railroad track and be killed. There he goes now straight for the cut. Hurry and head him off." And off she went, while her new found assistant, without farther questioning, started on a run to keep the animal from the fatal cut.

As he ran an awful thought struck him, and the suggested possibility nearly made him leave the offending calf to destruction at the track. What if some of his students should see their dignified professor now, running madly about a field at the command of a little country girl, and chasing a ridiculous long-legged calf ! Of course, such a discovery was not at all likely, but he could imagine how a new verse to the "Faculty Song" would sound dealing with his present adventure. Even the possible words passed through his mind as he ran :

Oh, down in the field is Professor G.,
Running as fast as fast can be,
His legs not long enough by half,
To catch the tail of the brindle calf !

or some similar appropriate doggerel. However, he kept on, shouted in vain for the calf to stop, circled about and tried to circumvent the animal: but the little beast also circled and whirled, and bounded away a dozen times from under the very hands of the professor and his companion until, after a long and exhaustive campaign, the beast decided to capitulate unconditionally, and allowed itself to be approached by the weary professor, and gazed at him with innocent eyes as if it had never had the slightest desire in the world to lead two young people a chase for a half hour on a hot July afternoon.

Grabbing the animal by the ear, and with his other hand clinging to his net, which he had managed to retain during the chase, he led his captive in triumph to the girl, who grasped the other ear to make sure the professor did not lose his hold, and then thanked that worthy gentleman most graciously for his valuable assistance.

"I don't know how he got out of the field," she said, "unless he had sense enough to jump the fence. He seems very fond of me, because I brought him up ever since his mother wouldn't have anything to do with him, and he always follows me if he can. I was crossing the pasture on the way from the village, and, when I got a little way beyond the fence, I saw he was coming too. He wouldn't let me catch him and lead him back, and if you hadn't been here I know he would have gotten on the track and been killed by the afternoon express."

As they proceeded toward the field where the calf was to be returned to the rest of the animals, each grasping an ear to guard against possible escape, the professor had more time to regard his companion, and saw that she was considerably older than he had at first supposed, and he thought that a man up on such subjects would have considered her a very attractive little country girl. Evidently she could not be treated as a child, and, when he realized this, he

immediately began to feel embarrassed to be meandering through the fields, separated only by a frisky calf from a decidedly pretty young woman. She evidently felt no such embarrassment, and continued on her way as if it was the most natural thing in the world to be taking an afternoon stroll with a professor and a recreant calf.

Presently she said : " Aren't you Professor Grant ? Your sister wrote me that you were going to stay here for the summer, and I wanted so much to meet you, and I am so glad to know you." And great was the professor's surprise to learn that this small country girl had spent a number of winters at a school in Boston with his sister, and, of course, had heard a great deal of him. As his little sister was the only girl he was not desperately afraid of, this meeting of a friend of hers was not as unpleasant as he would have supposed, and her frankness in expressing her pleasure at meeting her friend's learned brother was rather attractive. Somehow he did not feel as embarrassed as he should have. Anyway, she was only a little girl ; so why shouldn't he be walking with her ? He was very fond of children. He didn't realize that his " little sister " had grown to be a young lady in the last few years, and that her friends were apt no longer to consider themselves the children he would have them.

Had any one told Professor Grant that at any time he could possibly enjoy strolling through the fields with a young lady, preferring her society to that of bugs, he would have dismissed the idea as preposterous. But certainly such was the case now, and he even noticed without vexation that in his chase after the calf, his tin box had become opened and all its valuable contents, the result of an entire afternoon's labor, had been scattered broadcast to the winds.

When his sister heard of it from Helen's letters, she was struck dumb with amazement, and no one could tell how it came about ; but soon began for the professor and his " little friend," as he con-

tinued to call her, a wonderful series of pleasant walks and excursions on the river. It was strange how often the professor would meet her by chance as she returned from the village with the afternoon mail, and how necessary to consult her constantly as to the best paths to take to some distant point of interest, for she knew the country perfectly, and very seldom allowed him to take those lengthy trips alone for fear he could not follow her directions unless she were there to guide him. Of course, it was all right to be with him ; for wasn't he her friend's brother, and very much older than herself, anyway ? Helen loved the country life, and so did he ; and he even discovered in her a strong, but undeveloped love for entomology, which he felt it his duty to cultivate, and together they collected the most interesting set of bugs and beetles that he had ever found, and all had to be properly labeled and classified in the evenings in the cool parlors of the old farmhouse after a long afternoon ramble.

This was all very well until a disturbing element entered the life of the professor. One day he received from one of the instructors in psychology a little treatise on the " Psychology of Human Relationships." The writer of this was also a young man, with but little real experience of life, who thought to enrich the cause of knowledge by inquiring into the reasons why people regard each other, as he had noticed that they certainly do. It was learned and profound, and Professor Grant found it interesting. Most people don't care to know the scientific reasons why they care for each other, but the young author of the book evidently thought they should. The professor read it with interest and pleasure, until he came across the statement, which was in itself certainly in no way remarkable, that a man and woman of similar tastes, if thrown together, would eventually love each other, and particularly was this to be expected if they were young and mutually interesting. This had not occurred

to him before, and it troubled him somewhat. It certainly did seem reasonable, and the reasoning that led his friend up to this not very original conclusion was without a flaw, and convinced the logical brain of the professor. Here was a dilemma; for he applied the theory to his own case, and was appalled to see how possible it was that Helen was falling in love with him. What should he do? Such a possibility had not occurred to him, and never would have but for his learned friend's book, and the idea of having any girl love him was entirely out of his scheme of life. The very thought scared him. It certainly should not be so; Helen was too nice a little girl to be bothered with such things, and it clearly was his duty to warn her of her danger. Then there was another phase of the question. The book said if one person found he was loving another, the only way to check the feeling was for him to go away and never see the object of affection again. He didn't like this idea, either; for if he found Helen was falling in love with him, he must leave Daleton and never return, for he knew she would have to remain there. The professor wasn't selfish; so he would tell her the first time he could get the opportunity.

A day or two later, while on the river looking intently for a certain rare specimen of water beetle which he thought might be found there, the professor stopped beneath the shade of the overhanging branches, and, after thinking how best to begin such a serious problem, finally told her of the discovery he had made by following the psychological reasoning of his friend. In a most dignified manner, as if presenting his class with an interesting problem, he expounded the general psychological laws, and proved the power of their application. "You know it would not do at all for this to happen," he concluded, "and I want you to promise that you will tell me immediately if you think there is the least possibility of your falling in love with me, and I will go away at once." Helen evidently was

not properly impressed with the seriousness of the situation. It didn't seem a matter of such great moment, anyway; but, as it seemed to trouble her scientific friend, she laughingly assured him of the impossibility of any girl falling in love with him, and promised faithfully to tell him of the first symptoms of any such difficulty. The professor was immensely relieved at this, and they continued to look for their bug with the impossible Latin name.

Thus the summer days went by, with Helen becoming more and more interested in the professor's work, and he finding an hitherto unknown pleasure in the company of his sympathetic little companion. She was the only girl besides his sister who didn't bore him, and he accounted for this strange circumstance that it was partly because she was such a child, and largely because she had become very much like his sister by having been with her so much.

Presently, as the time drew nearer for him to return to his college work, there came a change over the spirit of the scene. For two or three days Helen had not joined him on his excursions, and he had not been able to see her when he had stopped at the farmhouse.

One evening, returning somewhat earlier than usual from an excursion up the mountain, he was delighted to see Helen crossing the field some distance ahead of him. She did not notice his approach, and presently he overtook her near the scene of their first meeting. She gave a little start as he stepped beside her, and seemed to wish to apologize for being found there.

"Why, Helen," he said, in surprise, "surely you did not wish to avoid me, did you? I surely can't understand why you should, and am I to understand that all this time you have been making excuses so you would not have to meet me? Has our friend, the motherless calf, taken up too much of your time?" he added, with a laugh.

She did not reply for several minutes, and then said hesitatingly, as she realized how difficult it was to answer him : " You know you made me promise I would tell you if I thought I was going to fall in love with you, and, when I began to think of it, I began to be afraid I did love you a little bit. I didn't want to tell you, for you said you would go away if I did, so I wouldn't love you any more. I—I don't want you to go away ; but I couldn't see you and not be honest, for you always tell the truth." She stopped and went along silently, with her eyes bent on the ground, while the kindly soul of the professor was greatly troubled at the evident distress of his companion. He found himself confronted with the greatest difficulty that had ever presented itself to him. The prospect troubled him, and he didn't know exactly why ; but now, of course, he must leave Daleton at once as he had promised. It had been so pleasant, and he couldn't even come there another year, when he and Helen had planned to do so many things that this one short summer had necessarily left undone. It certainly was too bad. He didn't know whether to blame his learned friend or the laws of psychological reasoning in general for the present condition of affairs. Never before in any other place had the summer days seemed so pleasant ; nowhere else were there such delightful walks or such varied and fascinating bugs.

He turned all this over in his mind many times as they walked on in silence, until by common consent, and without thought, they turned into their favorite path that reached the village after a somewhat longer walk, but led through a little stretch of wood where they had captured many a wandering butterfly before the truth of the psychological laws disturbed the rustic simplicity.

When they had gone a little way the professor suddenly stood still, startled half out of his learned senses as a remarkable thought came to him,—one so new and radical that he could not quite understand just what it might mean.

"Helen," he said, "I don't know, it never occurred to me before, but why shouldn't you love me if you want to, and, if I go away, why can't you come, too?" He stopped and looked at her anxiously, and the wonderful thought occurred to him that if she did see any reason why not, he would be a very unhappy young scientist, and there would be a void in his life that no amount of bugs could fill.

Helen looked fearlessly into his fine deep eyes, and, as she saw there all the earnestness of the great truth to which he had so suddenly awakened, she answered simply: "I'm sure I don't know."

There was considerable delay in delivering the mail to the farmhouse that evening, but no one seemed to mind it in the least.

Cranston Brenton

A BATTLE HYMN

FIGHT on, ye sullen peoples,
For what ye deem the right,
Strike deep your blow of protest,
Nor fear our boasted might.

Ten thousand foes assail ye
And thousands more stand by,
Your fields are strewn with corpses,
Your homes in ashes lie.

'T were best, O dusky warriors,
'T were best to yield to us.
Ye cannot longer struggle,
Nor spill your life-blood thus.

Still, had ye tamely yielded,
Nor pressed your just demand,
The world, perhaps, had judged you,
Naught but a craven band.

So fight until we crush you,
Nor let your vigor lag,
Ye prove yourselves right worthy.
To share the starry flag.

So still we must respect you
The while we urge the fight—
Fight on, O Filipinos,
For what ye deem the right.

James Albert Wales.

THE HEROES OF EL CANEY

A WAY toward those dark blue mountains,
From out the threshold of night,
The moon looks down from the heavens,
Shedding its pale weird light ;
Touching the faces of heroes
Who had passed from war's dark stain,
Across that deep, unknown river
Into the light again.
Those who had fought for another
To give liberty from strife,
To save a land from destruction
To renew a stronger life.
Not as avengers those heroes
Sleep in that tropical heat,
But their blood pour'd as an offering,
Falls at a nation's feet.
Then hail to those noble warriors,
Who gave their lives for a cause,
Whose glorious watchword was freedom,
Established by Heaven's laws.

Under thy shield Columbia
Crown them, forever, thine own ;
Those, thy brave boys, who in Cuba
Seeds of freedom have sown.
Let our bright banner enfold them,
While Time wings its ceaseless way,
Hold them in honor, ye people,
Thy sons and thy heroes for aye.

Augustus T. Wynkoop.

A QUATRAIN

SINCE substance cannot be withdrawn from form,
Since color is not seen without some light,
Do you now wonder that my heart is warm,
When thou art near to make the world seem bright.

Daniel Hugh Verder.

A LYRIC

WHEN from me thy fond love's restrained
When thou art heedless of my needs,
I languid grow, my heart is pained,
Not only pained but aches and bleeds.

But when once more thou art benign,
When come thy pleasant smiles again,
Then happy is this heart of mine
As is a flower after fresh rain.

Daniel Hugh Verder.

THE MONK'S COWL

I WAS sitting at the edge of the crater of Popocatepetl idly admiring the magnificent view stretched out at my feet. Disappearing in the distance were miles and miles of maguey cactus arranged as systematically as if by a surveyor's chain; here and there were scattered houses with their white walls and tiled roofs, harmonizing with the scene as if they too were nature's handiwork.

"Look," said Pepe, my guide, pointing to a projection far down the mountain, that appeared from where we stood like a gigantic monk's cowl carved in stone, "that is where the war god threw the monk, Yante, and this is how it happened:

"When the Spaniards first got a hold on Mexico, Pedro de Yante started a mission on the side of this great mountain."

"Do you mean the man they named the street after in the city?"

"Si, Señor, I think it is the same. Many still fear him."

"Well, señor, he started a mission, and there were many converts, for the Indians found that it was Christianity or a raid by the wild Yachupins, and they preferred the former."

"Come now, Pepe, it wasn't as bad as all that, was it?"

"Carramba, Señor! Did they not sack the village of Coyoacan and tear down every house in it, so that when the chief returned he thought an earthquake had struck it, and why?—all because one of his followers had refused to be baptized, because he had a cold and was afraid his nose would fall off if any water touched him. Oh! they are bad people, very devils—those Spaniards! As if any man in his senses would wash when he had a cold; of course you Americans are different, he added in a deprecatory tone, which plainly meant that the Americans were not in their senses."

"Yes, Pepe; we are different in little matters like that, but never mind, go on with the story."

"Well," he continued, "in the village near the mission there was an old man named Naothalon, a priest of the war-god, who was so aged and decrepit that he had no memory, and loved to sit and bask all day in the sunlight.

"But one morning he awoke and the fire of youth returned to him, and rushing into the building where mass was being celebrated told the people to leave off worshipping the gods of the Spaniards and to return with him to their old faith. Then turning to the Spanish priest, Yante, he said: 'I go to the top of yonder mountain to worship and offer a sacrifice to the greatest of the gods, Huitzilipochtli, and my people will go with me.

" 'And if thou, Spanish dog, followest the great God will come out of the bowels of the earth to destroy thee and turn thee to stone.' And with this he started up the mountain and all the people after him.

"But the foolish Spanish priest was not frightened by the threat of Naothalon nor the jeers of his followers.

"He knew that a human sacrifice would be offered to the god, and he followed up the mountain to prevent it.

"The knife was raised in the hand of the high priest before the people gathered at the edge of the crater, perhaps on the very spot where we are now standing, señor, when the Spaniard sprang into their midst and struck it to the ground, saying, 'Dog of a heathen, would you sacrifice a human being, a Spaniard, a Christian, to a heathen idol?'

"Scarcely had he spoken when out of the crater in the midst of fire and burning lava came Huitzilipochtli, and picking up Yante the unbeliever, he threw him with the strength of a giant far down the side of the mountain; and on the spot where he first struck his cowl remained as you now see it, graven in the solid stone."

As the Indian finished the sun slowly sank into the west, bathing Popocatepetl and all the surrounding mountains in the delicate pink and violet shades which make the Mexican sunsets famous.

And now as we stood looking far down below at the brightly colored stone of the legend a man's form appeared at the base. He, too, seemed sanctified by the brilliant colors of the sunset.

Standing, with arms outstretched to the rock above, he opened his lips and there sounded a wierd, strange cry, reverberating through the mountain gorges, echoed and re-echoed by the ragged peaks and sounding to us above like the call of some strange wild, beast to her young.

Before the sound had ceased to echo there appeared, as if springing from the very ground itself, a host of people all turning in the direction of the monk's cowl. Every sage brush seemed to contain a human being ; from the solid walls of rock they seemed to appear at if at the touch of a genius.

Now they are gathered around the leader at the base of the rock, and the preparations for some strange religious ceremony are being made. One seems to be a prisoner in their midst, bound and guarded, and with quick movements wood is being gathered and laid at the feet of the priest.

"Well, Pepe," I finally said, throwing off the strange hypnotic influence which the scene seemed to have exerted over me, "what do you suppose all this mummery means?"

Pepe gripped me by the arm and I could feel he was trembling with fear. "There are the Cahuitlis," he whispered. "Often have I heard of them, but never before have seen them ; they are offering a sacrifice to their heathen god, let us depart quietly or they will kill us," and he *crossed himself and muttered a prayer.*

It was not until long, long after that I found out what the Cahuitlis were, and I was then on a train speeding towards "God's

country." I had picked up a Mexican paper, and this headline caught my eye; "Soldiers capture the gang that has for so long terrorized the country around Amecarveca with their daring robberies. Natives call them Cahuitlis, and say they worship the monk's cowl on Popocatepelt, but it is supposed by the authorities that this is only one of the myths of the neighborhood caused by the superstitions caused by the so-called 'Monk's Cowl.'"

Pepe and his master, however, knew that the natives were right and that the soldiers in exterminating the Cahuitlis also exterminated a strange form of heathen worship.

H. S. Forrester.

COLLEGE AND CAMPUS

ON Friday, May 19th, the New England Intercollegiate Press Association held its annual meeting at Cooley's Hotel, Springfield, Mass. Thirty-six college publications were represented and twenty-six delegates. The session in the afternoon was given to papers on matters of import to college publications, followed by discussion. R. S. Brooks of the *Republican* and a former editor-in-chief of the Amherst *Student*, gave an informal talk on some points of newspaper making, speaking from the point of view of the former college editor who is now engaged in regular newspaper work. It was a most interesting talk, and very instructive to the delegates. Miss Rita Smith of Smith College gave an informal talk on the "Ways and Means of Cultivating Short-Story Work for its Own Sake." "The Purpose of the College Monthly" was considered by Miss Gordon of Wellesley. B. Johnson of the Amherst *Lit* treated "How Shall We Stimulate Contributions on the Part of the Student Body?" "Our College Paper as a Critic" was the subject of R. N. Willcox of Trinity, and C. W. Stowell of the University of Maine discussed the question "Whether Editors and Contributors to College Publications Should be Given Credit for the Work as a Part of their College Work?" R. N. Willcox of THE TRINITY TABLET was elected president of the association; Miss Gordon of Wellesley, vice-presi-

dent, and W. W. Hiscox of the *Amherst Student*, secretary and treasurer. Miss Marmon of the *Smith College Monthly* was chosen a member of the Executive Board. H. V. Hazelton of the *Brown Daily Herald* was toastmaster of the banquet, which began at 8 o'clock. M. B. Farrell of the *Amherst Student* answered to the toast, "Why Are We Here?" R. E. Beebe of the *University Cynic* to the toast, "Financially Speaking"; R. A. Benson of THE TRINITY TABLET to "Lost, Strayed or Stolen"; J. B. Doyle of the *Stylus* to "The College Paper as a Factor in Intercollegiate Relations"; W. A. Dyer of the *Amherst Literary Monthly* to "The Poet's Attic"; Cranston Brenton of THE TRINITY TABLET to "Anything but Journalism"; Miss Janet Sinclair of the *Mount Holyoke Monthly* to "People I Have Run Up Against," and R. N. Willcox of THE TRINITY TABLET to "Our New President." Mrs. George W. Cable of Smith College, Miss Caskey of Mount Holyoke College, and Mary Bowen of Wellesley were patronesses. The retiring officers of the association are: President, John H. Marriott of Amherst College; vice-president, Miss Janet Sinclair of Mount Holyoke College; secretary-treasurer, Ruel Allen Benson of Trinity College, and member of Executive Board, Miss Rita C. Smith of Smith College.

William S. Cogswell, M. A., class of 1861, and Alexander T. Mason, M. A., class of 1881, have been nominated as alumni trustees of the College.

The Glee and Mandolin Clubs gave a public rehearsal at Alumni Hall on Monday, May 15th, under the direction of Moses J. Brines, leader of the Glee Club, and Bryan K. Morse, leader of the Mandolin Club. The entertainment was managed by John W. Nichols, manager of both clubs. The patronesses were: Mrs. George W. Smith, Mrs. J. J. McCook, Mrs. R. B. Riggs, Mrs. W. L. Robb, and Mrs. F. S. Luther. The musical programme was followed by a dance.

The committee for the Senior Dramatics have chosen a one-act farce, entitled "Class Day." The caste is as follows: "Hon. John Buncombe," Jack Nichols; "Frank Buncombe," Cranston Brenton; "Ned Taylor," Donald Corson; "Howard," L. R. Benson; "Lottie Taylor," George Kendall; "Olive Taylor," Charles W. Henry; "Mrs. Taylor," Reuel Allen Benson.

ATHLETICS

TRINITY met West Point May 6th, and was defeated in a well played game. West Point won because they bunched their hits. The game was full of good plays and sharp fielding on both sides. Trinity's fielding work was a great improvement but the hitting dropped off considerably. Features of the game were Brown's home run and Barton's running catch of Sterling's liner.

TRINITY.	AB	R	BH	PO	A	E	U. S. M. A.	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Cable, ss.....	4	0	0	0	3	1	Herr, c. f.....	5	0	2	0	0	0
Sutton, c.....	3	1	1	9	0	0	McIntyre, l. f.....	4	0	1	0	0	0
Davis, l. f.....	4	0	2	2	0	0	Dougherty, r. f.....	5	0	0	0	0	0
Glazebrook, p.....	3	0	2	3	2	1	Brown, p.....	5	2	1	1	4	0
Henderson, 3b....	2	0	0	0	1	1	Ennis, 1b.....	4	1	1	11	0	0
Goodridge, 1b....	4	0	0	11	0	0	Hobson, c.....	5	2	2	14	0	1
Clapp, r. f.....	4	0	1	0	0	0	Abbott, 2b.....	4	0	0	0	3	0
Bellamy, 2b.....	2	0	1	0	3	1	Lahm, s. s.....	2	0	2	1	4	0
Barton, l. f.....	3	0	0	2	1	0	Sterling, 3b.....	4	0	0	0	0	0
*Woodlee.....	1	0	0	0	0	0							
Totals.....	30	1	7	27	10	4	Total.....	38	5	9	27	11	1

*Batted for Barton ninth inning.

SCORE BY INNINGS.

Trinity.....	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	2—1
N. Y. U.....	0	0	0	0	0	2	0	1	1—5

Home run, Brown. 3 Base hit, Ennis. Two base hit, Sutton. Stolen bases, Bellamy (2), Clapp, Glazebrook, Herr (2), McIntyre (2). Bases on balls, off Glazebrook 2, off Brown 4. Hit by pitched ball, Lahm, Abbott, Sutton. Struck out, by Glazebrook 7. by Brown 14. Wild pitch, Glazebrook. Double play, Abbott-Lahm-Ennis. Left on bases, Trinity 9, U. S. M. A. 11. First base on errors, U. S. M. A. 2. Time of game 2 hours. Umpire, Captain Cameron.

TRINITY and Morse Business College played on Trinity Field May 15th, and the Morse team, which was expected to win, was defeated badly, owing to the heady work of Goodridge who struck out thirteen men and allowed only six scattered hits. Trinity started out poorly but braced up and hit the ball for ten earned runs, knocking Marion out of the box. Sutton threw to second in fine style and Morse did not try to steal bases after the first inning.

TRINITY.	AB	R	BH	PO	A	E	MORSE B. C.	AB	R	BH	PO	A	E
Davis, l. f.....	3	5	2	0	0	1	Zimmerman, 1b...	5	1	4	10	0	2
Sutton, c.....	4	3	0	11	3	0	Tyler, 3b.....	4	0	0	1	1	2
Glazebrook, s. s.,..	4	2	2	2	1	1	Carroll, s. s., p.....	4	1	0	1	1	1
Fiske, 3b.....	5	3	3	2	1	1	Pain, c.....	4	1	0	7	3	1
Henderson, 1b....	6	2	1	10	0	1	Dwyer, 2b.....	3	1	2	4	1	0
Goodridge, p.....	5	2	1	0	3	1	Kennedy, l. f.....	4	1	0	0	0	0
Clapp, r. f.....	4	1	4	1	0	0	Moody, c. f.....	4	0	0	0	0	0
Cable, c. f.....	4	0	0	1	0	0	Oakes, r. f.....	4	0	0	0	0	0
Bellamy, 2b.....	3	1	0	0	2	1	Marion, p., s. s....	4	0	0	1	2	0
Totals.....	40	19	13	27	10	6	Totals.....	36	5	6	24	8	6

SCORE BY INNINGS.

Trinity.....	1	1	2	4	0	4	6	1	x-19
Morse.....	2	0	0	0	0	3	0	0	0-5

Two-base hits, Henderson, Zimmerman. Stolen bases, Davis, Glazebrook, Fiske (2), Bellamy, Pain, Dwyer. Double play, Dwyer to Zimmerman. Bases on balls, off Goodridge 1, Marion 11. Hit by pitched ball, Davis. Struck out, by Goodridge 13, by Marion 6. Passed balls, Sutton 2, Pain 3. Wild pitch, Marion. Left on bases, Trinity 8, Morse 5. First base on errors, Trinity 3, Morse 3. Time, 2h. 15m. Umpire, Carter.

TRINITY lost to University of Maine in a poorly contested game on May 18. The game was played in a drizzle and good fielding was impossible. The team started out in brilliant style but Glazebrook was unable to control the slipping ball and the team went to pieces. Trinity scored once in the second and twice in the ninth. Most of Maine's runs were made with two men out and chances given to retire the side. The fielding at several points in the game was brilliant whenever the ball was dry enough to handle. For Trinity, Sutton, Fiske and Glazebrook and for Maine, Clark, Crockett and Portheo played well. Following is the summary :

TRINITY.	AB	R	BH	PO	A	E	U. OF MAINE.	AB	R	BH	PO	A	E
Davis, c. f.....	2	1	1	1	1	0	Portheo, s. s.....	5	2	1	1	2	0
Sutton, c.....	4	0	0	4	1	0	Palmer, 1b.....	4	1	2	9	0	4
Glazebrook, p.....	5	0	1	0	4	1	Davis, 3b.....	4	2	1	1	1	0
Fiske, 3b.....	5	1	1	2	2	0	Webb, l. f.....	3	1	0	1	0	0
Clapp, r. f.....	4	0	0	1	2	1	Clark, c.....	6	2	3	11	3	0
Henderson, s. s.....	3	0	0	2	3	3	Crockett, p.....	5	1	1	0	0	0
Goodridge, 1b.....	4	0	0	13	0	0	Livermore, c. f.....	5	2	2	1	0	0
Brown, l. f.....	4	0	1	2	0	1	Carr, 2b.....	5	0	1	2	1	2
Bellamy, 2b.....	3	1	0	2	1	1	Syvey, r. f.....	4	2	1	1	0	1
Totals.....	34	3	4	27	14	7	Totals.....	41	13	12	27	9	7

SCORE BY INNINGS.

Trinity.....	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	2-3
U. of Maine.....	0	0	3	3	0	0	3	0	0	4-13

Two-base hits, Palmer, Livermore. Stolen bases, Peck, Fiske, Clark (2). Base on balls, off Glazebrook 9, off Crockett 3. Hit by pitched ball, Henderson, Davis (M.). Struck out, by Glazebrook 3, by Crockett 12. Passed balls, Sutton 2. Wild pitch, Glazebrook. Left on bases, Trinity 11, U. of M. 11. First base on errors, Trinity 6, U. of M. 5. Time of game 2h. Umpire Carter.

PERSONALS

An altar in memory of the Rev. Dr. ALFRED B. BEACH, '41, has been placed in St. Peter's Church, New York, of which he was rector for many years.

C. J. HOADLEY, LL. D., '51, has completed forty-four years of service as Librarian of the State of Connecticut, the longest service that has been rendered to the State by any individual, except George Wyllys, who was Secretary for sixty-one years from 1735 to 1796.

Dr. E. M. GALLAUDET, '56, has been elected Historian General of the National Society of the Sons of the American Revolution.

The address of C. C. HAYDEN, '66, is 424 West 23d Street, New York.

At the annual dinner of the Connecticut Society of Colonial Wars addresses were made by the Rev. Dr. J. L. PARKS, '66, and Prof. F. S. LUTHER, '70.

LELAND SIMONS, a graduate in the class of 1867, lost his life in the fire which destroyed the Windsor Hotel, New York, on the 17th day of March.

E. M. HYDE, Ph. D., '73, has resigned his professorship in Lehigh University, and accepted the office of Dean and Professor of Latin in Ursinus College, Collegeville, Pennsylvania.

The address of the Rev. B. M. BRADIN, '75, is Sumter, S. C.

CHARLES E. MOORE, M. D., '76, is a teacher in the Columbia Grammar School, 50th Street, New York.

Judge JOSEPH BUFFINGTON, '75, spoke eloquently for his *alma mater* at the recent banquet of the Western Pennsylvania Princeton Alumni Association.

The address of the Rev. L. A. LAMPHER, '80, is changed to 1229 Locust Street, Philadelphia.

The Rev. F. D. LOBDELL, '85, should be addressed at 1517 Mifflin Street, Philadelphia.

A. H. ANDERSON, '87, is still on duty in the Phillippine Islands, in Company H of the Tenth Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers.

The Rev. LUCIAN W. ROGERS, '91, has become rector at Central Falls, R. I.

The address of the Rev. CHARLES A. HORNE, '93, is Christiana, Del.

The Rev. H. M. SMITH, '93, has become chaplain and instructor in Woodside Seminary, Hartford.

GEORGE D. HARTLEY, '93, has an office at 120 Broadway, New York.

The office of HENRY H. PELTON, M.D., '93, is 124 West 65th Street, New York.

The address of the Rev. F. F. JOHNSON, '94, is changed to Redland, Cal.

The Rev. S. HARRINGTON LITTELL, '95, should be addressed at Wuchang, China.

The Rev. G. N. HOLCOMB, '96, is taking a graduate course at the Episcopal Theological School, Philadelphia.

The address of M. H. Coggeshall, '96, is 36 West 11th Street, New York.

The Rev. GEORGE B. GILBERT, '96, has been elected rector of Christ Church, Middletown, Conn., of which he has been curate.

THE STROLLER

ALL is quiet along the college walk. THE STROLLER energetically sitting on his window seat hears the frogs chirping merrily back in the swamp and the mice nibbling frantically in his closet and sees the great round moon peering down with astonishment upon the trim, neatly painted fence. The baseball captain goes from section to section to make sure all his team are in bed resting for to-morrow's game. Some idle songsters assemble on the campus and raise their voices in tuneful harmony (?), calling forth a violent remonstrance from a bespectacled grind who is wasting his joyous college nights, when the soft breath of the evening air calls out all lovers of nature, excluding the biology class, in burning the midnight oil. Later a couple of roistering revellers come shambling over the campus, roaring out a bibulous ditty at the top of their lungs and thinking how quiet they are. To keep up a traditional custom, they carefully shake out the electric lights and then stumble off gleefully into their sections,

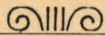
dimly conscious of a work well done. Then quiet reigns again. THE STROLLER ought to get to work, but it is an awful nuisance. Life would really be ideal here if there was no studying to do. Let's us all stay here for a week or two after Commencement and have nothing to do but enjoy ourselves and unhorse old *Atra Cura*, for us Seniors our last chance. Only too soon we shall have to raise our anchors and set sail from this pleasant haven of rest for the stormy billows of life, where it will be impossible to stroll. But away with these gloomy thoughts. We have not long to stay, so what time we have let us make the most of.

"Come, fill the cup and in the fire of spring,
Your winter garment of repentance fling,
Time has but a little way to flutter
And the bird is on the wing."

BOOKS RECEIVED

Methods and Problems of Spiritual Healing, by Horatio W. Dresser. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1899.

Under King Constantine, by Katrina Trask. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1899.



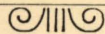
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